

T H E  
FIRST DAY OF  
THE WORLDES  
CREATION:

Or

Of the first weeke of that  
most Christian Poet, W. SA-  
LUSTIUS, Lord  
of *Bariis*,

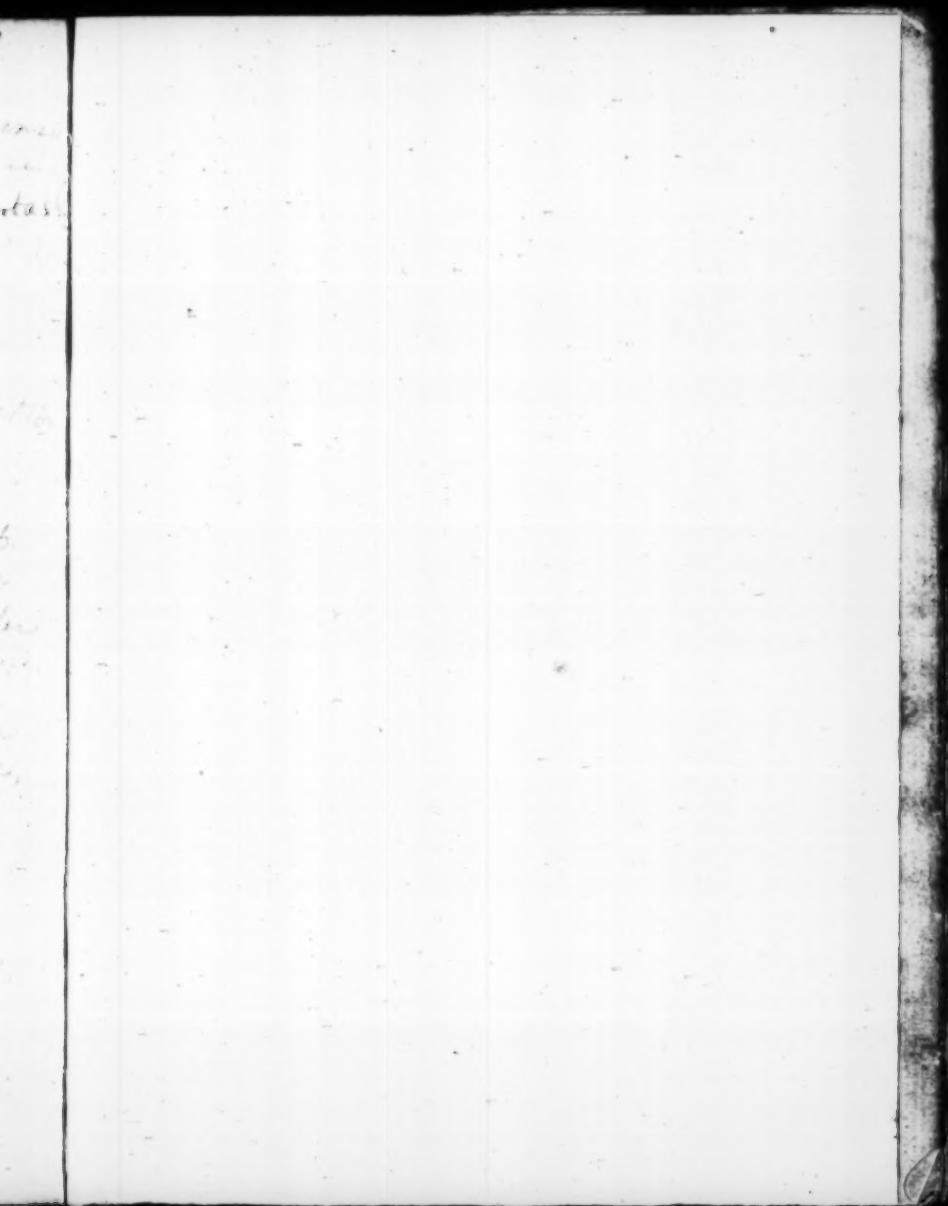
Etsi serò serò.



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Seaton.*

1596.





The Translator to the Author,

**S**O, so, Lord Bartas, should all Arts be spent  
In truthes aduancement, and their Authors glorie:  
Blush Christian Poets, to seeme eloquent,  
In setting forth ~~any~~ and lying storie:  
Let Poets learne the sacred truth to write:  
And Heathens take the lying Epithite.

There, there, Lord Bartas hath the truth hir grace,  
Where God is Phœbus, and his sprite the muse,  
Where Poets follow Prophets heauenly trace,  
And Parnase mount for Zion do refuse:  
Let heathnish parasites that cog and flatter,  
Call fained muses, to their forged matter.

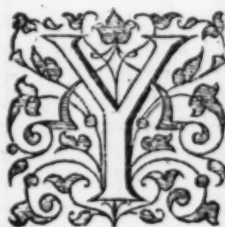
Then, then, Lord Bartas art and truth accord,  
When truth is mistresse, and those arts hir maides,  
When subtile quirks, and questions be abhord,  
And dunces follow where their mistresse leads.  
Truthes Poets, let them not be vaine disputers:  
But take hir Prophets for their onely tutors.

Thou, thou, Lord Bartas hast thou done, and wonn  
Arts garland, and truthes heauenly blessing,  
She was thy dittie, God did set thy tune,  
His sprite did guide thee in that truthes expressing:  
Now whiles thy work in France afford a sunshine,  
Vouchsafe this shadow may be Englands moonshine.





To the Right Worſhipfull, wiſe, and learned,  
M. Anthonie Bacon : perfect health of bodie, increaſe of  
*vertues and worſhip; to the honorable ſervice of his*  
*countrie, the aduancement of Religion,*  
*and the enervlaſting felicitie*  
*of his owne ſoule.*



Our long experience, both of the  
French eſtate, & language (Right  
worſhipfull :) the report of your  
wiſdome bloſſomed in youth, and  
ripened in yeeres, increaſed by  
learning at home, and confirmed  
by trauaile abroad, haue drawne  
me, a poore nameles cuntryman  
of yours, to make choyce of your  
woorthie title to countenance the forefront of this  
frame: and your iudgement to censure the priuie con-  
ſeiances thereof. The peece of worke which I offer to  
your patronage and iudgement, was vnder taken in the  
nonage of my ſtudies, before I was profeſſed, and per-  
haps had beene ſmothered from the world as an aborti-  
tiue, had not ſome my deere friends weaned it from my  
hands, and foſtered it in their affectionate boſoms, pro-  
miſing it life and light, if not with me, without me: yet  
not in reſpect, either of the matter which is heauenly, nor  
the Author which is excellent, deſired I to ſilence my in-  
fantlike pen from proceeding heerin: but becauſe this  
moſt Chriſtian Poet, and noble *Frenchman Lord of Bartaſ*,  
might haue been naturalized amongſt vs, either by a ge-  
nerall act of a Poeticall Parliament: or haue obtained a  
kingly tranſlator for his weeke (as he did for his *Furies*):  
or rather a diuine *Sidney*, a ſtately *Spencer*, or a ſweet *Dan-*  
*niell* for an interpreter thereof. For ſo was I put in a falſe  
hope by ſome, that the liuing Pen of that worthie decea-  
ſed knight, had amongſt other his charitable legacies  
bequeathed a rich ſuit, after our beſt Engliſh faſhion, yn-

The king of Scots  
tranſlated his  
*Furies*.

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

to this honorable Poet : and therefore suppressed my ragged weeds, till I perceiued their promise shrunke, & my expectation still naked. And yet if any of the fore-named Heroicall Spirits haue vndertaken the performance of that act, I would not haue my seelie daies worke to preiudice their weeke, nor my moat to flutter in the presence of their bright beames : wherefore though my rash quill hath tooke a further flight into this translation : yet haue I pinioned vp the rest of his fethers, and suffered onely the first daies worke to passe abroad : till I may vnderstand whether any of those sweete recording Swans haue waded in the deriuation of these streames or no : which if it be true ( as I rather wish it, then enuie at it ) I am content that my homely translation be cancelled : onely this forefront would I haue preserved, as an old ruinous wall, not for the workmanship, but for the monument of some famous inscription therein contained ; so may it stand as an heape of stones, not onely rebounding a short eccho of *Dubartas* his stately voice ; but also lifting vp the accent in the sounding praises of Matter *Anthony Bacon* : and subscribing to the manifold prayers for his health and happinesse, with  
Amen.

## The Argument.

**T**He most Christian Poet in a matter of truth (having made his invocation upon the true God) addresseth himselfe to describe the creation of the world, against the truth wherof because many opinions of heathensh Philosophers might be opposed, he curseth them downe, as they stand in his way. Some dreamed of eternitie, and seeing the briers of antiquitie growing over the cleere account of the worlds age, lost themselves as in a labyrinth, for want of a directarie thread, to leade to the originall point of the first entrance of the same. Others stumbled at the beginning thereof, and did seeme to hold the circumstance of time, and a former commencement of motion, yet did they denie the substance, and miscall the author thereof: for they affirmed the world to have bene patched up of moates, and sodainely so iumbled together by a casuall concourse of the same. Our Poet treading the fleppes of the true Prophet, findeth out an Immortal author and preserver, being the ancient of daies, a Father of lights, which is he that protesteth of himselfe, I am before the light was created. And if the Epicure demand what was that Author did before he made the world, here is returned the same answer that Spiridion gave to the like question in the council of Neece, He built a hel for curious questionists: & for his company, he was alone and yet not solitarie, he had his essentiall vertues, his distinct persons all concurring in the fulnes of his Godhead which was al in all. Some of the Philosophers harped upon this point, but their brains were out of tune, and therefore neuer found out the perfect union of those three parts in one. Our Poet expresseth the Author God, the instrument his word, being the very beginning and alpha of those lines writtten in the royall parchment of the heavens, and made legible to all lands and languages. This whole frame and organ of the world tuned by the finger of God and breathed inso by his spirit, serveth as vocal musick to conueigh the significant disie of his power and glorie into euerie sence. Neither is this world a weeke of Imitation seconded by any former and externall pattern: but of meere nothing was made a rude something as the first, by sixe daies leisure polished & extended in such ample compass as we behold, to the intent there might be but one whole entire mould, without whose pales there might neither be parles nor pluralitie of worlds. As it had a beginning, so also must it haue an end, though Platon of prophane men the most deuine) should affirme the contrary, & at the like conceited sect of Stoicks should necessarily implead a sempiternitie: Yet such an end shall it haue as euerie venturous Astrologer is not able to discover; no, nor any but the unsearchable knowledge of the highest. God therefore proued the Author and destroyer, is proposed as a president to vs in that he tooke six daies to finish that which at a trice he could haue performed. Amongst his successiue labors the comfortable light is preferred in time, & made the first fruits of his creature: the substance thereof vncertaine, the beautie and profits thereof most certaine: what cause moued the almightie to distinguish betwene day and day, light and light, with interuourse of night and darkenes expressed. The angels creation being touched & (according to a general opinion) attributed to the daies work, the fall of some of them, malice of these apostate relapse: the persistance and diligens seruice of others in the defence of Gods beloued, and offense of his enemies described, the Poet takes his leave well for the first day.

**P**hillips faire bloome, sole eie of Macedon,  
Hauing disroabd of all their royaltie  
The loftie towers of thrice-sacke Ilion,  
Was askt by one if he the harpe would see,  
That Paris vsde amidit his venerie?  
Nor that quoth he, but rather THAT would I:  
Wherewith Achilles made such melodie.

His minde forsooth and voice accorded then,  
With THAT which warbled still the woorthy deedes  
Of beaun-bred ympes, heroick Gentlemen,  
The mortall blossoms of immortall feedes,  
None such that other twangd but worthelesse weedes.  
As sighes, sobs, sorrowes, and louers languishments,  
Or else their wiles, smiles, sports, and wanton meriments.

No such like passions beere of carpet lone,  
No obiects fit for lowd and lustfull eyes:  
Lo beere the world, the earth, the heauen above,  
The elements, and sense-deceiuing skies,  
All made free denizens after English guise:  
You Gentles cast in Alexanders mould,  
By choise like his like minde of yours vnfold.

Io. Ho.



THE FIRST DAY OF THE 1  
FIRST WEEKE OF  
du Bartas.

**T**Hou, that the course of glittering heauen dost guide  
And checkest trucebound *Neptunes* furlie waues, The poets invocation on God,  
Shaking the steedie earth both far and wide:  
Whose word can tame th' *Aolian* broad that raues,  
Or cause them bussell from their vented caues;  
Discharge my mind of cloudie cares and thought:  
And to thy selfe, hale vp my sprights aloft.

Drive out this statelie drift of me intended,  
And by thy cunning let this verse be squarde,  
So that thy works, by words may be commended:  
Leuie those lines with speciall regard,  
Wherein the worlds rare growthe shall be declare:  
That I may sing, and latter age may heare,  
How first the worlds rude nonage did appeare.

Great father, graunt that I may couch in measure,  
The rarest points of beautie in this frame,  
And spread abroad the chiefe concealed treasure  
Containing worthie lectures of thy name,  
And seruing fit to register thy fame:  
Let me thy sacred mysteries discern:  
That teaching others them, my selfe may learne.

The elements from euerlasting time  
Haue not bene pitcht as we behold them now:  
Nor did the nimble fire so euer clime,  
That it kept downe the tossing aire below:  
Nor did the aire about the waters bowe:  
Nor water shrinking in the earths hollow lap,  
With slipprie turnings did the same inwrap.

The world was  
not eternall.

This

The world not  
made by chance.

This mightie *Cope*, that stretcheth wide and side,  
Was not rough hewde by fortunes chop or chance;  
Nor in grosse clusters of moates vndescride,  
Or time scrapes vp ruffled at a glance:  
As vaine *Democritus* dreamd in his trance:  
That selfesame word, whereby the world shall fade,  
Was once the word, whereby the world was made.

World and time  
of one standing.

Not made before the measuring time was found,  
Without beginning, from eternitie:  
But world and time, at one the selfesame stound,  
As things coequall, tooke formalitie:  
For you (o heauenlie lampes) giue certaintie.  
The seasons, and the times your course confirms  
And cuts the yeares, the months, the daies and termes.

Elder then place, then forme of arched skie,  
Elder then time, which wheelles in circle space,  
Sate endles *Ioue* in perfect maiestie:  
Peizing the whole with more then princelie grace,  
Chearing the parts which all he did embrace:  
What that was then, I know not how to call  
Nought els, but God, for God was all in all.

One onlie mind, and pure intelligence  
A virgin spright, vnspotted and sincere:  
Liuing for euer, making no expence  
Of age or time that wrinkles might appeare,  
By nature bright, and alwaies shining cleare:  
Fearles and infinite, a lord vnknown,  
Conuersing onlie with himselfe alone.

and T

Wretches

Wretches, that beat your braines on frantike toies,  
Aske you how mightie Ioue was then imploide?  
Making inquirie what were then his ioies,  
When all the world was vberate and voide?  
His prudent mind (saie they) might be annoide,  
Which hauing power to counterpoise his will,  
Could suffer nothing woorse than sitting still.

An answer to  
the Atheist, that  
demandeth what  
God did, before  
he made the  
world.

This curious motiue mounts to blasphemie:  
Another point were fitter to record:  
Before the heauens, and late worlds infancie  
Produced were by his effectuall word,  
He built a hell for such as were abhord:  
A hell, for such a proud ambitious rout,  
As Giant-like would cast their maker out.

The Answer of  
Spiridion in the  
counsell of  
Neece, to the  
Epicures de-  
mand.

Doth not a Carner master of his art;  
Draw whilome fancide patternes in his braine,  
Not vsing tooles nor timber in his draught?  
Doth not the Webster negligent of gaine,  
Lay sometimes by both wooffe and warpe in vaine?  
Doth not the Porter leaue his tempered clay,  
Not forging it in vessels though he may?

And shall the Master workman of them all  
Subiect his art vnto some lumpish stuffe,  
As though his skill were meere mechanicall,  
Which in it selfe is absolute enough,  
And by it selfe can yeeld sufficient prooffe?  
Neuer was *Scipio* solitarie lesse,  
Than when alone, and had no other guesse.

211

B

Could

Could such a Romane captaine take delight  
 Within the closet of his humane brest:  
 And sole sufficient *Ioue* be thought so slight,  
 That he could not enioie an active rest,  
 Amongst such ioies as cannot be exprest?  
 Might he not liue alone (O heauens, what madnes?)  
 As well as men in melancholie sadnes?

*Bia.*

*Omnia mea  
 mecum porto.*

That ancient sage *Prieneas* great renowne,  
 When he should fleete with bag and baggage thence,  
 Bragd he brought all, yet nothing from the towne,  
 His minde was all fraught with intelligence:  
 And should rich *Ioue* in his magnificence,  
 A Lord and King, and all within himselfe,  
 Desire to be enricht with worldlie pelfe?

God is the fountaine from whose liuely spring  
 Conduits of grãce, and streames of good do flowe,  
 All turnes are serud by his replenishing,  
 For worlds of plentie from this fountaine growe,  
 He is not suppliant to high nor lowe:  
 But Ocean-like his fulnes he discharges,  
 Supplying euerie want with his franke largesse.

Before the winds could breath, or waters breed  
 The spawning fish: before the earth was stord  
 With Antlere, or enrichde with anie feed,  
 Or haruest crop that fodder might afford:  
 Before all this remaind the soueraigne Lord,  
 Imploid in selfe-conceited exercise:  
 A fit delight for him: thats onlie wise,

His



first weeke of du Bartas.

3

His admirable glorie, puissant power,  
Rich bountie, and his settled providence,  
Were sacred objects, present eu'rie howre,  
To exercise his deepe intelligence,  
And wouldst thou know his further diligence?  
He did contemplate on this worlds huge frame,  
Viewing a former modell of the same.

That Father solitarie could not be,  
Which had begot before all worlds begun  
An offspring motherles, for companie:  
His word, his wisdom, and his onelie Son,  
By whose consent all works of waight were done:  
They two both one combine in puissance regall:  
The Father Lord, the Son the Fathers equall.

From which two peeres, and powers inuisible,  
Vnite in mutuall loue and maiestie,  
Issues a third peere indiuisible:  
And yet to both proportion'd equallie,  
Copartner with the sacred Deitie;  
Of nature like, although distinct in name:  
Of sundrie gifts, in Godhead all the same.

My muse strike saile, and launch not in the deepe:  
Beare of aloofe, and hold thy barke at bay:  
From hungrie gulse of rough Charybdis keepe,  
And shun the dreadfull rocks of Capharee,  
Those rocks be wracks and manie mens decay:  
For manie slip in maze of curious doubt,  
Sowhelme themselves, they neuer could get out.

B 2

A  
The heathen  
Philosophers lost  
themselves for  
want of the true  
Loadstar.

A safer course to cut alongst the shore,  
 And beare a point, where landmarks may direct:  
 The shallow waters best can brooke an ore:  
 But trifling wherries by the seas are checkt:  
 In busie points, let faith thy sailes erect,  
 Gods breathing Spirit be thy happie winde:  
 The Bible be a load-star to thy minde.

What else could blinde, our Sages secular,  
 And make those blinde, seduce the vulgar sort,  
 But keeping of a course irregular:  
 Counter to that the Bible doth exhort:  
 Leauing whose compasse, they must needs come short?  
 Truthes surest carde, when once they did abandon,  
 They lost themselves, and others left at random.

A busie point so hard and dangerous,  
 As is none such containd in holie writ:  
 Apert to those that are not curious,  
 Presuming on discourse of humane wit,  
 Or thinke by reason to discouer it:  
 No point more plaine to faithfull minds and holie:  
 No point more darke to minds possesst with follie.

Where am I now? or whither am I puld?  
 My clambring mind surchargd with percing rales  
 Of this celestiaall maiestie, is duld:  
 Each facultie proceeding thence decays:  
 A statelie threefold brightnes ouerswares:  
 My voice forgoes hir meditated sound:  
 And in my hart no hart at all is found.

This

This glorious Trinitie whom I adore  
With bending knee, and lowlie prostrate hart:  
Whom I beleue, and trembling search no more,  
Than liuelie faith vouchsafeth to impart:  
This Trinitie by thrice exceeding art,  
Of nothing framde this Mound of huge receipt:  
When all was nothing, but ynmeasurable great.

Three persons,  
one God made  
the world.

This Trinitie, surpassing *Dedalus*,  
This Master builder, singular for skill,  
Endewd with worlds of wealth, and sumptuous  
In choise of change, yet changelesse resting still,  
Doth boast the endlesse riches of his will:  
Displaies his natue power, and heavenly science:  
And giues to all blaspheming Momes defiance.

Mount who so list vnto the whelping spheeres,  
As scorning of these mouldie parts belowe,  
Above the heavens let others fetch carreers,  
And ouerbound those balls of sparkling show:  
Swell they with pride of loftie things they know:  
Let them enioie the counsell of the highest:  
And in his courts let them approch the highest.

And let some other lowe conceited wight,  
Take countercourse, and cow chant to the ground,  
Creepe in these muddie obiects next his sight,  
As wholie in these lowlie kennels drown'd:  
Searching what force in pertie works is found:  
And finding there some notes of Gods owne glorie,  
Eclipse the same, by telling of the storie.

Belowe

*Mediscia fir-  
ma: medio in-  
firmis ibis.*

Belowe the former, but aboue the last,  
I traine my muse, amidst the midmost aire:  
There shall she houer, in proportion placde,  
And peizd with equall wings of heedie care:  
Least soaring high, hir flight she might impaire,  
Where blazing lamps would finde hir winged traine,  
Or buzzing lowe, the dampe might slug hir vaine.

The Godhead is  
seen in the visible  
things of the  
world.

I please my selfe, in prying vp and downe,  
And eying of the worlds faire countenance:  
Wherein Gods image makes reflexion,  
As in the mirror of his excellence:  
His Godhead: set in this worlds purueiance,  
By transparence doth fill my feeble eies:  
Which may not view his brightnes otherwise.

If he that lookes against the fierie sparks  
Of glittering *Phœbus*, gets a sunne-burnd face:  
If he that with a fixed eyesight marks  
That flaming Globe (although from distant place)  
Is purblind, onelic with that fulgent grace;  
Who can sustaine the daunting lookes of him,  
That lightning-like disperseth life and lim?

Of him, that separate in heauenlie throne,  
Did build this statelie Theater beside  
For men to soiourne, and conuerse vpon:  
Where liuelie prints of maiestie abide,  
Though but a glimpse of his power is descride:  
And yet his Godhead grauen in this frame,  
Doth teach our childish thoughts to spell the same.  
Great

first weeke of **St. Barre**:

Great Father (whom no lumpish braines conceive)  
How dost thou intimate to humane sense,  
The knowledge of thy selfe? and giuest vs leaue  
To feele thy presence in this worlds contents,  
And read thy glorie in these monuments?  
Our fingers feeling, nostrils drawing saueur,  
Our palate tasting, all bewraie thy saueur.

From highest throne thou sendst a roling noise,  
And to instruct vs, plaist the Orator:  
Heauen starts to vnderstand thy thundring voice,  
And speakes to vs, as thine Ambassador;  
Soothlie, each creature is thine auditor:  
The world a publike schoole, where we may learne  
Such proper lessons as thy praise concerne.

This frame like to a pullic beames our sprights  
And moues our thoughts to climbe by winding staires,  
Aboue the stories of those heauenly lights  
The mightie God this world a shop prepares,  
To make a publike shew of his rich wares,  
This world like to a bridge conducts the stranger  
By gulfe of Gods deepe secret without danger.

Diuers compari-  
sons to shew  
the vse of the  
worldly frame  
to Christian con-  
siderations.

And not vnlike a thin transparent clowd  
Yeelds passage to the beames of *Phœbus* light,  
(Not *Phœbus* whom *Lutinaes* wombe did shrowd,  
Lighting by day, and lurking in the night)  
But such a sunne as alway staies in sight:  
In thickest darknes still persists to shine,  
And neuer stowpes beneath Orizons line.

Heere

Heere as in semi-circled Theater,  
 Loue, iustice, Righteousnes and Maiestie,  
 Present themselves: which expert actors are,  
 Their parts discharging so ingeniously,  
 That humane sense is rapt aboue the skie.  
 This world a booke in folio, doth proclame  
 With letters capitall, the Authors name:

Each kind, a page, each sundrie shape a line;  
 Each creature, is a character to teach:  
 Each worke, a vowell, sounding discipline:  
 And all the world doth consonantly preach:  
 But we are trewants, which from masters reach,  
 On toies and gawds do set their wanton harts,  
 Respecting them more than regarding arts.

Our eies be wandring on the babish gaies,  
 And howres that fill the wast comportsance:  
 On backside of the booke we spend our daies,  
 Not vsing natures text, a furtherance  
 To helpe instruct our blindfold ignorance:  
 Thence might we learne that God is chiefest cause,  
 Supporting cities peace with wholsome lawes.

What do we trauell in the multitude  
 Of languages? and labour to explaine  
 The sense, which Turkish characters include?  
 Or Egypts sacred figures do containe?  
 What those small prickes in th'Ebrew language meaner  
 To know the notes and accents of the Greeke,  
 These things so slight, what neede we greatly seeke?

The Scythian and the wildt Tartarian ,  
 The seuen yeeres wit, not growne yet to be wise,  
 And those that haue the Pole meridian,  
 By natures light can scand these mysteries,  
 Saunce further insight, than by carnall eies :  
 But he that is illuminate by faith,  
 Moues from this mould, and mounts a greater haith.

He vawts aboue the cristall firmament,  
 And vnderneath his feet, beholds the stirre  
 Of spheeres conuerted by Gods regiment :  
 Whence reading his celestiaall kalender,  
 He proues to be an arch-Astronomer.  
 Aided with faith, I long to be discerning  
 The sacred text of Gods inspired learning.

My pleasure is to couch in statelie verse  
 The worlds first birth and tender nurserie,  
 The eaning, and the weaning I reherse,  
 The infant nonage, and minoritie,  
 And how it grew to perfect dignitie.  
 I will vnfold the bosome of this frame,  
 That all may read Gods essence in the same.

The founder of this ouerspreading tent,  
 Tooke no fantasticke copie for his guide,  
 No borrowed shadow for his president,  
 Nor melancholie did he long abide,  
 Inuenting how the parts might be applide :  
 There was no world, before this world, erected:  
 No former plot nor patterne he respected.

C

God tooke no  
 view of any ex-  
 ternall patterne  
 to make the  
 world after,

An

An earthly builder, tossing in his braynes,  
 How best to raise a pallace for a king;  
 First craueth respite, counsell, taketh paynes;  
 To make suruey of many a such like thing,  
 Before he sets his hand to fashioning,  
 That after diuers pallsaces beheld,  
 Himselfe at last, might exquisitely build.

Where any quaint conueiance is comprisde,  
 He marks the point, the workmanship, and grace;  
 Heere he commends the forefront, well deuisd,  
 Else where, some pillar raisd on comely base,  
 Or staires well mounted honoring the place;  
 Surueying much, he notes a thousand things,  
 And in his worke the grace of all he brings.

No such examples of Ichnographie  
 Had euerlasting *loue* to imitate,  
 That he might forge a second world thereby,  
 And frame a worke, for worlds to woonder at;  
 He neuer sweat, nor beat his braynes for that,  
 But cast the world with ease into a square;  
 Quartered with earth, and water, fire, and aire.

Euen as the Sunne (earths fairest husbandman)  
 Annexed to the wheeling firmament,  
 Descendeth not from his pavilion;  
 But sends from thence his fruitfull increment,  
 Cheering the lowe, sicke earth with meriment;  
 Although he list not come, yer doth he send  
 Garlands of plentie to his distant friend.

Gods



Gods pleasure, and performance, will, and deed,  
Conceit, and act, are of one equall age :  
Purpose and practise, word and worke, proceed,  
And march alike, with perfect æquipage,  
As of springs of one heavenly parentage :  
• All keepe their course inioynd, on God attendant :  
He was their maker, and is their defendant.

But yet the matter of this comely frame  
Was not forthwith so curious to behold :  
Nor so polite, as now we see the same,  
Till *Ioue* had cast it in a fairer mold :  
For as a shipwright (not to be comptrold)  
When he should build a barke to checke the seas,  
By leasure lookes what kinds of stuffe he please:

First trees for tymber, iron, pytch for strength:  
Then he provides his cables and his cord :  
Which all he layes on heapes : vntill at length,  
He singles out a sayle-yard from the hord :  
The beake, and sterne he makes of some choyse bord :  
The tallest firre he marketh for his mast :  
Vntill by a rt, ech part is fitly plac'd.

So God before this world was polished,  
Produc'd his pregnant and immortall word;  
And then collecting all the parts vnride,  
He mendgd them all, in one confused hord :  
But where the Shipwright to his hands is stord;  
God was the author both of forme and stuffe,  
Not borrowing ought, for he had all enough.

The world without forme, fashion, place, at the first.

Base was the worlds first visage, and vncowth,  
An Auerne dungeon, tost with heedles quoyles :  
A rissaffe medley ; and a gulphall mouth,  
A sluggish heape of Elements at soyle,  
Amongst themselves pell mell all one the spoyle :  
Cold nipt the heat, square things and round did iare :  
The hard and rough, with soft and smooth, made war.

Moisture and drouth, high mounting things & humble,  
At hurlie-burlie skattered on a ranke,  
In ciuill strife vnciuillie did tumble :  
The fire, and aire, plaid many a lawles pranke :  
The water skornd to keepe within a banke :  
Nor earth, nor aire, retained bound or border :  
But all things were, vnperfect, out of order.

Somtime the water kept such heaue and shoue,  
That it incrochde vpon the victorie :  
The aire sometimes by struggling did remoue  
The waters force, and got the mallerie :  
Somtime the earth did crush the other three :  
Eftsoones the fire aboue them all did skip,  
When topsie turnie downe the rest did slip,

That high Lord Marshall darting thunder shot,  
As yet had not his offices disposd :  
The shapeles skie had not one glystering spot ;  
Nor any Planetarie signe that glod :  
The earth had not hir motley weeds imposd :  
Nor *Neptune* had his watrish kingdome storde :  
Nor any foule amidst the welkin soarde.

All

All things lay weltring in a slothfull shade :  
 No quickning spright did animate the lumpe :  
 The blended fire, no fierie gesture had :  
 The earth, no earth, the aire could make no thumpe :  
 These first borne creatures stucke as in a dumpe :  
 No settled course, degrees or bounds ordained,  
 By which this reuell rout might be restrained.

If fire were then ; twas not posselt with heat :  
 If aire ; it did not thorough shine with light :  
 If water ; yet the moystore was not great :  
 If earth ; it tottering daunc'd for lacke of weight :  
 Do but imagine such an auckwoorth fight,  
 Where *Tellus* bald and barren were presented,  
 Not firme, nor plaine, nor yet with dales indented.

Suppose the heavens disrobd of all their pride :  
 Those eies pockt out, and lights extinguished,  
 Debar'd of motion and all forme beside,  
 And thinke thou seest the first world pictured,  
 Whose portraiture can not be vttered,  
 What then was not, I better can declare,  
 Then what that was, which was of old time theare.

World was it not, but hope of world to come,  
 A lumpe that askt fixe daies the finishing,  
 A likelihood such as in mothers wombe  
 The fruite giues first, when first it ginnes to spring,  
 Which growes so long till it be lively thing :  
 First face, then eies, then chin, and nostrils parting,  
 Then hands distinct, and fingers thereto sorting.  
 This

Embryo.

This pettie world, thus at the length increas'd,  
 Obtaineth vigour for his enterprife:  
 And out of prison strives to be releas'd,  
 Getting a larger prospect for his eies:  
 Yet in this masse a secret vertue lies,  
 Which hath by nature force to forme and giue  
 A vitall act, whereby the flesh may liue.

That vaster heape had no selfe-quickning spright,  
 No naturall actiuitie to grow:  
 And therefore had in dulnes moultered quight,  
 But that Gods sacred word began to flow,  
 And with his influence inspir'd it so,  
 That it became a vegetable brood,  
 And was partaker of such liuelihooe.

A darksome horror, such as *Egypt* felt,  
 With blindfold eies; and harts astonishment:  
 Blacknes, like that where the *Cimmerians* dwelt,  
 Or *Sibb* vnto *Mephitis* hellish sent,  
 Belch'd from the puddle *Styx*, Gods punishment:  
 Or if some darknes be more palpable,  
 Of that, and all was *Chaos* capable.

Confused reuell and disorder rainging,  
 This waxing world was like to ruinate:  
 Had not Gods powre their mutines restraining,  
 Dispers'd it selfe into that rude estate,  
 And qualifi'd the rage of their debate.  
 Had not his vertue like to fodder clos'd  
 The chops and rents of matter indispos'd,

The spirit moved  
 vpon the water.  
 Genes.

Had

Had it not bound as with a mastique glue,  
 The heauens, earth, aire, and vagrant Ocean  
 And fixed listes to keepe apart that true,  
 Their natures in the cradell euerie one  
 Had bin exting with selfe commotion:  
 But Gods great puissance shed into this hord,  
 Allwagd the strife: and bred a sweete accord.

As some braue wit resol'd to consecrate  
 A worke of waight vnto the Muses shryne:  
 At home, abroad, at bed, bourd, earely, late,  
 Rippes his discourtse and ponders euery lyne,  
 Howring amongst his books of discipline  
 So Gods great spright which was the onely mouer,  
 Ypon the waters superface did houer.

Genes. 1.

Euen as the brooding bird that sits at once,  
 To hatch hir egges, and huckle vp hir yonge,  
 Till nature and adoptiue egges breed bones,  
 And all hir flocke is fledg and lively sprong:  
 So Gods owne spirit sate, though not so long,  
 And farre and neere did spread his ripning wings,  
 Till he had perfected these callow things.

Out of the fuds, where monsterlike they lay,  
 He did extract them: altering their line:  
 Extending such an vniuersall baye,  
 As ouerreachd this compass which we viewe,  
 And was compleat with all the residue:  
 All was but one thing, neither markd, nor bounded:  
 Nothing remaind that was not there impounded.

If that Archduke from God in Horeb taught,  
 Had not this certaine testimonie yeelded,  
 How first the vniuersall world was wrought,  
 And in sixe daies this stately frame so builded,  
 By that same God which all things wrought & weilded:  
*Leucippus* might by arguments perswade,  
 That some great multitude of worlds were made.

A pluralitie of  
 worlds confuted.

Nature (no niggard of hir workmanship)  
 If she had coinde manie worlds in number,  
 The heauie earth would rush, the water drip,  
 And make one neighbour world anothers cumber:  
 So all might fall into their wonted slumber:  
 Or least the one the others course should hinder,  
 Some emptie space must keepe the frames asunder.

But now the engine was so firmly jointed,  
 So close compact without one creuise void,  
 With furnisht complements so well appointed,  
 That nothing was by vacant chinks annoid.  
 We see, how close stoppt wine cannot auoid,  
 Nor issue currantly from out the terse,  
 Except a vent to take in aire we perse.

We see the puffing bellowes cannot heane,  
 If at the nose they shuffe not vp the wind:  
 Bungd vessels cannot anie frost receiue,  
 Nor closed waterpots an issue find.  
 Forc'd liquor drawne in pipes against the kind,  
 Doth mount aloft as though it were no water,  
 So great a foe is emptines to nature.

God

God, onlie great, beyonde all quantitie,  
 Framed the course of nature mutable :  
 From change exempting his diuinitie,  
 Making time measure althings moueable :  
 For heauens themselues are not vnmeasurable :  
 Time meets the circuit of the firmament,  
 And rules the motions with his regiment.

God, onlie infinite  
 the worlde hath  
 his limited mea-  
 sure of time and  
 place.

The world, is not immortal, though so vast,  
 But subiect vnto rauenouse decay :  
 The parts do languish, and the members wast :  
 And, like the parts, the whole must weare away :  
 To euery thing prefixed is a day :  
 The daie calles death, still gaping to deuoure :  
 And natures wheele is turned euery houre.

Now go vaine Greece, and weaue heauens curtaine cloth  
 Of braine spun threads, such as thy quintessence :  
 Fill all the world with fancies windie froth,  
 Painting fond fables with faire eloquence :  
 Dispute, according thine intelligence,  
 And say ; the course of heauen was near begone :  
 Nor, euer in thy iudgement shall haue done.

The quintessence  
 of Aristotle.

Stand on the vrgent lawes of destinie :  
 And locke vp all within their hard precinct,  
 As bound to rocke of starke necessitie :  
 Yet not the stars so slauiishly are link'd,  
 But monthly they receaue a fresh instinct,  
 Such fables are not able to defend,  
 The worldly frame from ruine in the end.

The stoicall ne-  
 cessitie.

A description of  
the worlds end.

The day shall come, when rocks rent from the quarrie,  
And trembling tops of loftie hills shall rush:  
When heauens shall cracke, and lowly vales miscarrie,  
Stuff vp with sheards, and suffering many a brush  
Of huge great heapes, that cannot chuse but crush:  
The rubbish of the ruinated heauen,  
Shall make the mountaines and the valleies euen.

Gape shall the chanel, void of water streames,  
Or hauing moysture, all imbrew'de with bloud,  
Shall hyfle with heate of scorching fierie beames:  
The sea shall vomite lightnings as a fload,  
And blazing flame shall come vp like the fud:  
The Whales halfe roasted on the bancke shall rore:  
And gasping lie vpon the newfound shore.

The foggie clouds shall muffle vp the day:  
The cheerefull Sunne shall mourne in fearefull maske:  
And *Neptunes* tayle shall sweepe the starres away,  
Both Sun and Moone shall shun their woonted taske,  
In fogs shall one, in bloud the other baske.  
The darting stars shall cleaue the earth asunder,  
And forth shal march fear, death, dark storms & thunder

Those marshald in their quarters, shall attend:  
The wrathfull vengeaunce of their Lord approaching:  
All wicked harts shall sayle to see that end,  
And heare the Iudge their own lewd deeds reproching,  
With thousand torments on them still incroching:  
Nought shall the world be but a flaming ball,  
Light fire (like water once) surrounding all.

Alas,



Alas, what meanes the misbeleeuing pen  
 Of sottish wizards, scribbling Almanakes;  
 To marke the yeare, the month, or season when  
 This fleeting world, full point and period makes :  
 And *Saturnes* port a *Superfedeus* takes ?  
 As though some crosse aspect of wandring starres  
 Should crush the world by furie of their iarres.

I tremble to relate : and thorough hart and ioints  
 A chill cold horror shoots : when I do ponder  
 How some base figure-flingers broch these points,  
 Foretelling God the onely worlds confounder :  
 To mooue the people to a faithles wonder.  
 For their coniectures taken by their theame,  
 Iudicials and all, are but a dreame.

Against the baser  
 sort of astrologers  
 which dare set  
 forth their predi-  
 ctions of the time  
 when doomes  
 day shall come.

Yet grope they at Gods sealed closset dore,  
 And would be prying at those mysteries,  
 Which he hath treasured vp for secret store :  
 Keeping the diall of all destinies  
 Vnto himselfe, that knowes all secrecies :  
 That Kalender he shuts vp in his hand,  
 Wherein Doomes-day with letters red doth stand.

That day, whereof no man can read the date,  
 Shall swiftly strike the rowt of men secure :  
 And striking warne, when warning is too late :  
 For times delay no longer may endure.  
 Then comes thy Sonne (O Father essence pure,)  
 Thy glorious Sonne with maiestie shall come,  
 In shape of man, once formed in the wombe.

The second com-  
 ming of Christ.

D 2 Immortall

Immortall God, that glorious Sonne of thine,  
 In flaming fire triumphant shall descend :  
 About whose throne shall troupes of Angels shine;  
 And thousand thousand holie saints attend,  
 Ioious to see that long desired end.  
 His chariot wheeles shall skud like lightning flame :  
 Iustice and mercie haling on the same.

Then, such as sleepe in bowels of the graue,  
 Opprest with dust, or weight of marble toombes :  
 Such as the sea hath swallowd in hir caue :  
 Such as by fire receiud their former doomes,  
 Or paunch of beasts haue had for buriall roomes :  
 All shall stand vp repaire with manlike shape,  
 No one, so great or small, that shall escape.

All must appeere, appeering must attend  
 In their owne persons, till the Iudge proceed,  
 Awarding life or death to be their end :  
 Of mercie some, of iustice other speed :  
 Too some is weale, to others wo decreed :  
 Some to the lowest pit shall be debased,  
 And others with the highest shall be graced.

*Pilate.*

O thou (whom once th'Italian President  
 Pronouncing wicked sentence terrifide)  
 Grant me, that when thy trumpet shall be sent  
 To sound a sommons vpon eurie side,  
 East, west, north, south, where anie men abide :  
 Rowzing the world with sudden change of state,  
 I may haue thee, my iudge and Aduocate.

The

The sage and powerfull prouidence of *Ioue*  
 Brought out this world as she beare soles hir yoong :  
 A lumpish gobbet, first vnapt to moue,  
 Till it be lickt, and trickt vp with the toong :  
 She spares no paines, till all the lims be sproong :  
 She smoothes it vp, with mouth, and mothers moisture,  
 Till she disclose the shape, hid in the cloisture.

The creation of  
 the worlds mas-  
 ter from nothing.

By licking she expresseth euerie lim :  
 She formes the head, and fashions out the feet,  
 Indents the paws, and makes the visage grim,  
 Rough casts the shag hair'd shoulders : as is meet,  
 In euerie part, she shewes hir selfe discreet :  
 Discreet and diligent, till she haue done,  
 And brought hir whelp to iust perfection.

For when Gods wisdome, by his pregnant voice  
 Powrd out a masse of heate, cold, moist and drie :  
 In processe, he gan make exacter choice,  
 And separate the lowlie things from high :  
 Conforting like with like, dislike laid by :  
 Fire ioind with fire, things heauie found like matter :  
 Cold drew to cold, and liquid things to water.

The quaintest forme, that best beseemes each part,  
 Is vnto each particular assignd :  
 And in fixe daies God shewd his matchlesse art,  
 Forming this world conformall to his mind :  
 Not, but he could haue all these things reind,  
 And perfected in lesse than times least tittle,  
 Vnlike to man thats long about a little.

The

Why God would  
take fixe daies for  
his creation.

The heauens he could haue spangled with their lamps:  
And storde the airie cage, with winged breed:  
The forest where the sanadge Beuie rampes,  
He could haue furnisht foorthwith for a need:  
And fild the seas with fishes in like speed:  
But yet it was his vncomptrouled pleasure;  
To worke them out in fixe whole daies at leasure.

So many daies, such leasure, and such art,  
Bestowd in preparation of a feat  
For man vnformed, seemeth to impart,  
That doubtles his good will is woonderous great  
To those, for whom he made this goodly feat:  
To whom by promise, he first seald a warrant,  
Of thousand fauours afterward apparant.

*Sic citis, si fas bene.  
Pessima lenis:*

He gaue an imitable president,  
That we should not, in ouer eager haste  
Post in our toyle, till breath and strength bespent:  
Nor rashlie ruffle vp our works to waste,  
But make good speed, yet hurrie not too faste,  
Aduisement alwaies brings an act to prooffe:  
And things well done are all done soone enough.

Light the first  
fruite of Gods  
creatures.

Father of wisdom, father of the light;  
What first might be extracted from that trauunce,  
Where all things lay confusde without delight  
More woorthie then the lights faire countenance?  
Whose absence were faire beauties hinderaunce:  
For without light *Timanthes* had in vaine  
To carue his antique *Cyclops* tooke such paine.

In vaine *Parrhasius* had shapt his peece :  
 And *Zeuxis* drawne his queint *Penelope* :  
*Apelles* had exprest the floure of Greece  
 Dame *Venus*, to no purpose, if so be  
 The Sunne had not afforded light to see :  
 In vaine those masters artificiall,  
 Had raisd their woonders supernaturall :

*Dianes* temple : and that moniment  
 Of loue and death *Mausolus* tombe much famed :  
 And *Pharos* beaçon ; works of woonderment,  
 By three great masters exquisitely framed :  
 Which *Sofrat*, *Scopas*, *Cresiphon* are named :  
 In vaine those maruailles all had been erected :  
 If by the light, they had not been detected.

What more hath euerie artfman in request,  
 When he doth frame an exquisite deuise ;  
 Then that the worlds faire eie which lights the rest,  
 Should also glaunce vpon his worke of price ?  
 For that intent, his windowe open lies :  
 He doth admit the sunne-light for a witnes,  
 That he obserues proportion, art and fitnes.

Either Gods actiue spirit howering,  
 Vpon the boyling confluence of water,  
 Which wrapt the *Chaos* as a couering,  
 Strooke out light fire by secret force of nature,  
 As when contrarie winds begun to clatter,  
 In Sommer nights, and clap two clouds together :  
 From hence proceed, bright flames & lightning wether.

diuerse opinions  
 touching the mat-  
 ter and creation  
 of the light.

baa

Or

Or God by parts disposing of the masse,  
 Fetchd brightnes from the fierie element:  
 Or heauens cleare curtaine that extended was,  
 In twise sixe houres vpon that litterment,  
 Againe by God was darkned: to th'intent,  
 That ech Horizon should by turnes haue light:  
 And each againe an intercourse of night:

Genes. 1. 3.

Or whether God produc'd a christall lampe,  
 In countenance vnlike vnto the Sunne,  
 And with another light clear'd vp the dampe,  
 While somtimes vp and somtimes downe it runne,  
 Like *Titan* brandishing his station;  
 Let there be light (said God,) no sooner spoken,  
 But Light began to shew a glorious token.

The glistering raies, acknowledging their dutie,  
 Do shed themselues on nature, being glad,  
 To feele the cheering sparks of lights faire beantie:  
 Who skornes the shade wherewith she erst was clad,  
 And loaths to be, or suffer others sad.  
 Cleere lampe, God giue thee many goodly morrowes,  
 That chafest night, and puttst to flight all sorrowes.

Thou worlds great candell: & thou truths right parent,  
 Terrour of theeues, and perfect looking glasse  
 Of Gods good creatures, made by thee apparent:  
 First fruit of God bespread vpon the masse;  
 How doth thy beantie and thy grace surpass?e?  
 Gods cheerefull eie: which all the world suruaies,  
 Why should not modest men chaunt out thy praise?

And

And yet because all pleasures do displease,  
 That haue no blanke nor intercourse betweene :  
 And they best know the benefit of ease,  
 Which long in garboyles of the wars haue beene:  
 For contraries comparde are better seene,  
 The syluer Swan, that shines vpon Cayster,  
 Matchd with the swarthy crow, doth much more glister.

Why God ordain-  
 ned the night to  
 succeed the day.

Therefore the worlds renowned Architect  
 Ordaind the night to prease vpon the day :  
 The day againe, nights error to detect,  
 The night daies eager schorches to allay :  
 And thaire with showing vapors to aray :  
 The night makes mellow seeds sprout in the furrowes,  
 Surcealeth toyle: and breakes off daily sorrowes.

The commodities  
 of the night.

The night which couers all, with wings of pyth,  
 Doth hush the world, and lull it in a sleepe :  
 Infusing silence, that no creatures quitch :  
 But dronke with influence of slumber deepe,  
 Both man and beast, do lay their limmes in sleepe.  
 The nights refresh their wearie bones with ease,  
 And make amends for the anguish of the daies.

Sweete night, without thee, and thy welcome presence,  
 Life were a hell, where (furie like) sad griefe,  
 Reuenge, paine, avarice would dash all pleasure,  
 And thousand deaths, before deaths last repleefe,  
 Would torture minde and bodie saunce releefe :  
 Sweete night, thou couldest euerie personage  
 In suits alike, that plaies on worldly stage.

E

Thou

Thou blendest states, and all distinction,  
 Which day light varies in a sundrie guise :  
 Thou equallest the king and cullion,  
 The rich, and poore, the simple, and the wise,  
 The iudge, and him that in dungeon lies :  
 Matter and slaue : foule maukyn and faire may :  
 Daies candle out, the night makes all things gray.

He that for some vngracious deed, remains  
 A creature damnd to delue in golden mines :  
 And in those traps of auarice, takes paines :  
 He that all smokie at the fornace pines,  
 Whiles he the sulphur of mans hart refines :  
 Though all daie long, his hellish toile doth last :  
 Yet at the night, he takes his due repast.

He that alongst the riuer tugs his boat,  
 With pugs and oares against the stubborne tide :  
 And dropping ripe, doth straine his rugged throat,  
 That voice and strength may both his litour guide ;  
 At night vnto his pallate steps aside.  
 He that the spring proud meadowes frizled haire  
 Doth barbe with sicke : at night goes to his laire.

Onlie you children of the bookish maids,  
 While all the world is ouercast with night,  
 Trace out a path, by your celestially trades,  
 Whereby into the heauens you take your flight,  
 And with your muse raise others to delight.

But the eu'ning chime hath rung daies latest houre,  
 The light shut in, the daies begins to loure :

The



The night, vnbender of my head strong sluddie,  
 Approcheth near : but new supplie of paines,  
 Appeares as soone, as morning pearces out ruddie :  
 And still more worke dares on my wearie braines :  
 For now behold innumerable traines,  
 And squadrons of celestiaall fouldiers muster :  
 Dazling mine eies with their bright orient cluster.

You angels (Gods attentive pursuauants)  
 Be it, you are coequall to the light,  
 Which drowns the name of your significance :  
 Or then first tooke your seruiceable flight,  
 When heauen was spangled with those aglets bright :  
 Or, be you ancients to each other creature :  
 Surpassing them in essence, time and feature :

A discourse of the  
 Angels creation,  
 which are  
 thought vnder  
 the name of light  
 to haue bene cre-  
 ated: without de-  
 termining vpon so  
 difficult a point.

Me listeth not to argue *pro* or *con*;  
 Or vndertake with stubborne conference,  
 To dwell in this or that opinion :  
 In points vncertaine obstinate defence  
 I do dislike, and iangling arguments :  
 Blind sophistrie is bold and full of taunts :  
 But my sure card is humble ignorance.

Yet this I know, and therefore make no doubt,  
 You aſtiue ſpirits, once were all created  
 Immorall innocent, and faire throughout :  
 And with great choiſe of heauenlie vertues fraghted,  
 That with no creatures els, you could be mated :  
 To Gods pure eſſence you approach the nigheſt :  
 Alone inferior vnto the higheſt.

E 2

But

But as desertles wights, whom countenance  
 And princes fauor, deigneth to exalt;  
 Mounted on honors backe, begin to prauce,  
 And gainst their foulder make vniust assault,  
 Till downe againe, they slip for their proud fault:  
 Euen so some rout of these created spirits,  
 Insur'de against their maker for his merits.

Angels created  
 innocent and  
 pure keepe not  
 their first estate.

Some angels, gyants like, attempting farre,  
 In malice of their foulder, male-content,  
 Banded themselues, and made vnciuill warre,  
 (Although in vaine) yet with a lewd intent,  
 To dispossesse him of his regiment:  
 Aspiring Impes, so reared vp would wring,  
 The crowne and scepter from their Lord and king.

Their Lord and king als prest, with armed hands,  
 Swift to encounter such vsurping mights,  
 Gunnes out his thunder at those fier brands:  
 And for reuenge of such rebellious wights,  
 He throwes them downe, & makes them cursed sprights:  
 Downe in the aire, or in some other place:  
 For all is hell, whence God withdrawes his face.

Will sprights,

This rakehell rout inchaunted with disdaine,  
 (Now diuelish feends by lewd apostasie)  
 Can make no braggs of any purchas'd gaine,  
 But this: they tooke the longitude: how high,  
 The heauens be distant from hels custodie:  
 By their ambitious iumpe, they tooke the measure  
 Of heauen from hell: but forfeited the pleasure.

Yet

Yet Sathan and his <sup>hellish</sup> rabblement,  
No whit amended by this ouerthrowe;  
Increase in rage, and graceles hardiment,  
As fast as vnto them their torments growe:  
Like to the Lizards, which by many a blowe  
Dismembred: yet they fiercely turne againe,  
And shew their liuely rage in dying paine.

Since which reuolt, this prince vsurping power,  
Amidst the aire, hath made nor truce nor peace  
With mightie *Sons*: but studies euerie hower,  
How he may cause the memorie to cease  
Of Gods great a&s deseruing onely praise:  
Prest to supplant the Church of Gods owne planting:  
And glad to see Gods glorie should be wanting.

He bends his force, to taint the perfect head,  
And rend it from the bodie militant:  
The kingly guide from citie to mislead,  
And plant himselfe therein predominant:  
The pilote of the ship he strives to daunt:  
For from the Church, (Christs bodie) would he wring,  
Euen Christ that head, that pilote, and that king.

The devils as-  
saules against  
Christ the head  
and men the  
members.

But sith Gods everlasting maiestie  
Is safely seated, in his lofty throne:  
Which, neither force, nor threats can terrifie,  
Nor ladder scale, nor canon plaie vpon:  
But all their blasts, themselves are ouerblowne:  
For howsoever buzie sathan rampares:  
His darts rebounde against Gods heauenly rampares.

Therefore

But as desertles wights, whom countenance  
 And princes fauor, deigneth to exalt;  
 Mounted on honors backe, begin to prauce,  
 And gainst their fonder make vniust assault,  
 Till downe againe, they slip for their proud fault:  
 Euen so some rout of these created spirits,  
 Insur'de against their maker for his merits.

Angels created  
 innocent and  
 pure keepe not  
 their first estate.

Some angels, gyants like, attempting farre,  
 In malice of their fonder, male-content,  
 Banded themselves, and made vnciuill warre,  
 (Although in vaine) yet with a lewd intent,  
 To dispossesse him of his regiment:  
 Aspiring Impes, so reared vp would wring,  
 The crowne and scepter from their Lord and king.

Their Lord and king als prest, with armed hands,  
 Swift to encounter such vsurping mights,  
 Gunnes out his thunder at those fier brands:  
 And for reuenge of such rebellious wights,  
 He throwes them down, & makes them cursed sprights:  
 Downe in the aire, or in some other place:  
 For all is hell, whence God withdrawes his face.

Shall frightes.

This rakehell rout inchaunted with disdaine,  
 (Now diuelish feends by lewd apostasie)  
 Can make no braggs of any purchas'd gaine,  
 But this: they tooke the longitude: how high,  
 The heauens be distant from hels custodie:  
 By their ambitious iumpe, they tooke the measure  
 Of heauen from hell: but forfeited the pleasure.

Yet

Yet Sathan and his<sup>hellish</sup> rablement,  
 No whit amended by this ouerthrowe;  
 Increase in rage, and graceles hardiment,  
 As fast as vnto them their torments growe:  
 Like to the Lizards, which by many a blowe  
 Dismembred: yet they fiercely turne againe,  
 And shew their liuely rage in dying paine.

Since which reuolt, this prince vsurping power,  
 Amidst the aire, hath made nor truce nor peace  
 With mightie *Ioue*: but studies euerie hower,  
 How he may cause the memorie to cease  
 Of Gods great acts deserving onely praise:  
 Prest to supplant the Church of Gods owne planting:  
 And glad to see Gods glorie should be wanting.

He bends his force, to taint the perfect head,  
 And rend it from the bodie militant:  
 The kingly guide from citie to mislead,  
 And plant himselfe therein predominant:  
 The pilote of the ship he struiues to daunt:  
 For from the Church, (Christs bodie) would he wring,  
 Euen Christ that head, that pilote, and that king.

The devils as-  
 saults against  
 Christ the head  
 and men the  
 members.

But sith Gods euerlasting maiestie  
 Is safely seated, in his lostie throne:  
 Which, neither force, nor threats can terrifie,  
 Nor ladder scale, nor canon plaie vpon:  
 But all their blasts, themselues are overblowne:  
 For how soeuer buzie sathan tampares:  
 His darts rebounde against Gods heauenly rampares.  
 Therefore

Therefore despairing to surprise the head  
 Against the members, now he turnes his darts :  
 He leaues the tree, but would the branches shred :  
 For neither huntsman hath so many arts ;  
 Nor fisher plaies so many cunning parts ;  
 Nor fouler laies so many craftie gins,  
 To catch their seu'rall games : as he laies fins.

As he laies fins, and bairerh secret hookes,  
 To catch as well the simple as the wise :  
 The frolike yonker rousing in his lookes,  
 He charmes with shewes : alluring first his eies :  
 For greedie pikes he baits with golden flies:  
 And princelie state he taketh as an angle,  
 The high aspiring climber to entangle.

Such as disdain the worldlie blase of riches,  
 With hundred vaine conceits he doth distract :  
 In maske of truth minds zealous he bewitches,  
 Obtruding shewes, and words for vertues act :  
 In all good matters is his poison packt :  
 And like a canker goodlie fruits and wholsome,  
 He blasts with venime, making al things fouldsome.

Who could withstand the glosing fallacies,  
 Of this night prince in malice so profound,  
 That he can slip into dumbe images  
 Of gold, or wood, late hewen from the ground :  
 And make them yeeld some liuelie speech-like sound :  
 Which can assume a prophets countenance :  
 Cause bonfires burne with hidden maintenance.

The continuall  
 fire of venge.

The

The virgin prophetisse of Cumes or Delph,  
 He prompted with their answere of foresight :  
 He raise a *Samuel*, shap'd like himselfe,  
 Which told the king of doomes that hapned right :  
 And yet not *Samuel*, but a curst spright.  
 He stricke some *Ammons* priest with fits of woodnes :  
 Suggesting hurtfull lies, in shewe of goodnes.

Oracles *Sibilla*.

1 Sam. 28, 14.

Who can descric this great deceiuers guile ?  
 Which could transmute a rod into a snake ?  
 Which did conuert the watter poole of Nile,  
 To pulpe bloud ? which for a shift could make,  
 Great swarms of frogs produc'de from eu'rie lake,  
 To cawle about the chambers of the king :  
 All by his forged Magike practising.

False miracles,

Exod. 7, 11.

Ca. 7, 22.

Ca. 8, 7.

And, as he is a spright inuisible,  
 So can he sincke the thoughts of mightie states :  
 And grope their minds, though he insensible,  
 Till he acquaint himselfe with their debates,  
 And priuate grudges : whence obseruing dates,  
 With long experiments, he takes a veiw :  
 For tatling thence what matters shall ensue.

The deu's know-  
ledge is by expe-  
rience.

The brauest wits, with some fantastike glimse,  
 Of things to come, he can intoxicate :  
 And to inueigle high conceipted impes,  
 Of afterclaps he can prognosticate :  
 We see men prouident, whose weake estate,  
 No sooner stands, but fals : which liue and die  
 The selfesame stound, yet what great things they trie ;

Mens

Mens bodies be but sluggish instruments,  
 Not like to sprights in actiue motions :  
 Yet they by force of mettals, and of plants,  
 Produce a thousand strange conclusions ;  
 As ishuing from some heauenlie motions :  
 And shall we thinke, that such old foking sprights,  
 Cannot worke woonders farre aboue their mights ?

The rather for their immortalitie,  
 Plodding in schoole of long experience :  
 They can discover eu'rie qualitie  
 Of hidden simples, and ingredients :  
 For bodies they haue none to clog the sence :  
 But whatsoeuer enterprife entended ;  
 Within a moment they can haue it ended.

The deuill bridled  
 of God.

Not that they haue the bridle on their necks,  
 Alwaies to rush, and reuell where they lust :  
 Or making hauocke on the earth plaie reagues :  
 And tyrannize, with danger and distrust,  
 On leud mens soules, and bodies of the iust :  
 But they are musled, with a greater force :  
 At whose commaund they take, or staie the course.

1 King 22. 35.

Not without leaue, that master spright of lyars,  
 Could play the messenger to *Achabs* court :  
 And by false tales, intise him to the briars,  
 And make him dare his foe, from out his fort :  
 Till his owne godles soule returned short.  
 Nor yet without a passe-port to him graunted,  
 Could humble *Iob*, with such assaults be haunted :

*Iob*. 1. 15.

His



His varlets slaine, his riches all destroyed,  
 His flocks consumde, his camels made a praie:  
 His kinned sit aloofe, as men annoide  
 With such a poore base kinsman in their waie:  
 His house turnd topsie turuie to decaie:  
 This was not done but by commission:  
 The deuill making first petition.

Eternall *Ioue* to prone the confidence  
 Of constant men, that faith might grow by triall;  
 And choke with errors the erronious sence,  
 That in true matters there be no espiall:  
 To lying sprights he maketh not deniall,  
 But lets them slip, which do not cease to further  
 The leud attempts commenc'd in *Adams* murder.

Still they pursue, and practise wonted feares:  
 The selfesame anoth they do hammer fill,  
 And forge new sleights, like to their old deceits:  
 But yet sometimes, do good against their will.  
 And though the rout apostate seeke to kill,  
 Yet sometime they vnawres, in midst of bloud,  
 Haue made fierce tirants confort with the good.

The hurtles host, Gods euermasting traine,  
 Which kept their first estate, saunce haucie pride:  
 Not mounting vp, nor tumbling downe againe,  
 Attend Gods pleasure, hating not aside,  
 But tread the pathes, prefixed by their guide:  
 This is their onlie delectation:  
 Gods glorie, and the saints saluation.

Good angels.

No strange desire assailes their phantasie:  
 The pleasant aspect of almightie God  
 Is better then the sweetest Ambrosie:  
 The retriue of a lambe, that long hath trod  
 In wailes desert, looslie straide abroad:  
 The child once lost, reduc'de to penitence:  
 Delighteth them as *Nectar* influence.

Nought else requires the high aspiring minde,  
 But kingdome vnto kingdome to vnite,  
 And Diademe with Diademe to binde,  
 That all the world might stoupe to one mans might:  
 But heavenly angels haue no such delight,  
 No such desire of greater excellence:  
 But in Gods seruice spend their diligence.

No sooner sounds the voice of Gods command:  
 No sooner doth a becke of maiestie proceed:  
 No sooner comes a matter to be scand,  
 Wherein these angels serue in any steed,  
 But out they flie with more than winged speed:  
 Bending themselves to execute the word,  
 And to effect the mandate of their Lord.

Genes. 31. 19.

Exod. 23. 23.  
 esp. 33. 2.

One of them followes *Agar* in hir flight,  
 And shortning hir exiled pilgrimage,  
 By speech doth yeeld vnlooked for delight:  
 Another doth conduct with equipage,  
 The marching armies of Gods heritage:  
 Others direct yong *Jacob* to the East,  
 And yeelde him courage in his first nights rest.

Another

Another skilde in Physicks lore applies: knowed 12 on C Tob. 11.9.  
 A soueraigne plaister for decayed sight,  
 Euen such as vnto faithfull *Tobias* eyes  
 Restord againe the long desired light.  
 To Nazareth one takes his nimble flight,  
 And therefore truth to *Mari* doth pronounce, Luc. 1.26.  
 She should be Maide and Mother all at once:

She should conceaue, and beare but onely one:  
 Yet at one burden should she bring forth these,  
 A Father, Husband, Brother, and a Sonne,  
 That by this birth men troubled might finde ease:  
 When as the of-spring, whom it so did please  
 To be inclosde within hir virgins wombe,  
 Might not be cowpd within a world of roeme.

Another sort in seruient zeale attend, had 12 on C  
 With hand, and foote to garde the tempted sonne:  
 And Sathans conflict brought vnto an end, Maph. 4.12.  
 They minister him comfort that had wonne,  
 And helpe to triumph when the combats done:  
 In fruitles sand, and stonie wildernes,  
 They do not leaue Christ comfortles.

One cheares him vp to take the bitter chalice,  
 And drinke that off which God had tempered, Luc. 22.43.  
 To wash from sinne, and wring from Sathans malice  
 The soules of men by Sathan blemished:  
 Another brings glad tydings of the dead, Matt. 28.2.5.  
 And shewes the Matrones of their Christs arising,  
 Which was reputed dead, by their surmising.

One far beyond all expectation  
 Brings tidings of *Isaiah* strange naivities:  
 Another puts in execution  
 The tenor of Gods purpose faithfully,  
 Advancing Israels herde to dignitie,  
 One makes a fearfull slaughter and a sad,  
 On all the first borne males that *Egypt* had.

Luk. 1. 17.

Exod. 3. 2.

Exod. 12. 29.

2.Kings. 19. 35.

Exempted onely from the massaker,  
 All such as had their doore posts painted red,  
 With blood of lambe flaine for the passeouer:  
 Another in a moment vanquished  
 The host of *Rebabele*, who thundered  
 Blasphemous words, and termes of highest slander,  
 Boasting his gods, against the heavens commander.

His soldiers had subdued the Easterlings:  
 And now begett that citie, which alone  
 Adores the onlie peerlesse king of kings:  
 Without the wals scarce could a bird haue flowne,  
 For troups beleagaring the garrison,  
 Which *Ezechias* viewing, as a prince most wise,  
 Foresees th'euent, as present to his eyes.

Foresees the common hauecke round about:  
 His subiects taken captiue, cast in bands,  
 Their tender children squatted in the rout:  
 Their noble virgins forc'd with bloodie hands,  
 Desflour'd with ravishment, and rough commands:  
 His kinglie person eide with thousand threats,  
 Alreadie hackt and hewd in their conceits.

on O

Foresees

Foresees the naked temple stript of wall,  
The sacred Censors not with mirrhe perfume,  
The Altar bare, no sacrifice at all,  
But priests of God, and priesthood both consume:  
Waighing these things, and how his foe still fume,  
He sprinkled ashes, and with penitence,  
He cride to God in sackcloth, for defence.

God heares his crie, and whets his lightning darts,  
To strike the squadrons of that heathnish rout:  
And while dead sleepe benums their senselesse harts:  
(Their bodies, hemming in the fires about)  
He doth addresse and send a champion out:  
Hunting the frustrate legar without pitie,  
And casting friendly lookes vpon the citie.

Charg'd is the field, a scowre flies out the dart,  
Whose single flight is not content to make  
A single slaughter: but through eu'rie part  
It cuts a lane; and thickest troupes doth take:  
Embrawd in blood, and like a lightning flake,  
The sword doth brandish, lighting here and there,  
As doth a whirlewind whiske about the aire.

They flie in chafe, but too too slow they drag,  
To scape the reach of such a ramping blade:  
The glittering Steele is onlie seene to wag,  
By which, such hauocke in one night is made:  
Like as the windmill sailes with sowpe vnstaid,  
Do swindge about, yet no man sees the winde,  
By whose impulsive force, the sailes do grinde.

No sooner had the purple morning cha'de  
 The donker shade, from haughtie Liban's top,  
 But th'Ebrew garders in their sconces plac'de,  
 Behold whole heapes of men slaine at a chop,  
 (An hundred, foure score, and five thousand) stop  
 And pester all their wonted passages :  
 As erst with men, so now with carcases.

The Jewes reare solemne triumph to the skie,  
 Insulting on the quailed conquerour :  
 Ascribing honor for this victorie,  
 Alone vnto the worlds chiefe gouernour,  
 Which gaue these brauing troupes the ouerture.

*Epilog with a  
 conuersion to  
 the Angels.*

But you O sacred tutors of the saints,  
 Swift archers helping when our armie faints.

You that in counsell are as delegates,  
 And posts in needfull expedition :  
 Heraulds in sounding out to all estates  
 The summe of Gods decreed commission :  
 You that do feare the countenance of none :  
 Were men like rocks, or sturdie like to giants,  
 You dare presume to giue them all defiance.

Faithfull interpreters from God to men :  
 Faine would I still attend vpon your trace,  
 With lagging pinions of my feeble pen,  
 But that I iourney to a further place,  
 And therefore doubt, least in so long a race,  
 Hastning too much, the first outsetting day,  
 My rash attempt might faulter by the way.

For

For he that entertaines a braue desire,  
 (Which well befeemes a woorthie Caualeer)  
 To view strange men, strange maners and attire,  
 In forren countries as a traueller,  
 It bootes him not to be swift passenger:  
 He speedes it well if in his first daies rode,  
 He leaues the place and coast of his abode.

*F I N I S.*

